

The Alleghanian.

A. A. BARKER, Editor and Proprietor.
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I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—HENRY CLAY.

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FROM OUR VOLUNTEERS.

The 11th Penna. Reserves in the Battles before Richmond—Colonel Gallagher's Report to Gen. M'Call, &c., &c.

METROPOLITAN HOTEL, WASHINGTON, D. C., August 18, 1862.

Correspondence of The Alleghanian.
I arrived at this place last Saturday evening, from Harrison's Landing, on the James river, amongst the Prisoners of War who were exchanged at Aiken's Landing on the 12th inst.; and knowing that a deep interest for the welfare of all in the army is felt by friends at home, and not only felt but manifested by the willingness of Cambrians to come to the rescue, I will devote a little leisure this evening to writing you, hoping what I write may to some extent interest your readers. I will not at this time say anything concerning Prison Life in Richmond, reserving that for a future letter.

On arriving at Harrison's Landing, the exchanged prisoners reported to General M'Call, and were ordered to join their respective regiments in the field for active duty. This order may savor a little of harshness, as the prisoners from a confinement of nearly two months in the close rooms of the Southern "Bastilles" are so much debilitated as to be scarcely able physically for the hardships of camp life; but I believe the exigency of the service requires it, and so far as I know, none murmur.

During my short stay at Harrison's Landing I learned one thing, which is, that the soldiers of M'Call's army are more than ever attached to their young commander. I would not insure the man's eyes who would attempt to disparage him in their midst! I do not hesitate to say, that no other general in our army could have withdrawn the forces in the late battles before Richmond in so masterly a manner as did he. The Army of the Potomac, although not successful in the capture of Richmond, has accomplished much towards the crushing of the Rebellion. Every battle-field along the Chickahominy has fully shown the rebels that the "Yankee" will fight, and that too with all the bravery and daring which has characterized war in any age of the world.

Though the rebels in Richmond pretended after the late battles before that city to claim a victory, yet the eypress was so closely interwoven with the laurel that gloom and sadness overspread that doomed city. Fully 35,000 of their army were killed and wounded, many of the wounded forever rendered hors de combat, and but few of that number can again enter the field this campaign.

The fairest account given by the rebels of those battles I presume is to be found in "The First Year of the War," by Pollard, author of the "Black Diamond." He does not claim a victory, but admits a defeat at Malvern Hill. On our part, however, let us not underrate the rebels. They too are Americans, and battles almost as fierce as Sir Walter Scott's imaginary last engagement of the Clan Chattan and Clan Tuhele at North Inch on the Tay must yet be fought before Treason will go down. I despair not of ultimate success. When our generals have sufficient force, (which they soon will have,) and learn celerity of movement and rapidity of action—which always render an invading army almost as irresistible as Heaven's artillery—then will another page of history record the superiority of Northern men.

I will not further generalize. There is much I would like to say, but long letters are frequently voted a nuisance. Knowing many of your readers will feel an interest in the part taken by the 11th regt. P. R. V. C. in the battles before Richmond, I copy from Col. Gallagher's Report to Gen. M'Call:

"I have the honor to submit to you the following report of the part taken by the Regiment under my command in the battles of the 26th and 27th of June, at Mechanicsville and Gaines' Mills, before Richmond. On the evening of June 25, eight companies of my regiment, including field and staff officers, were ordered to do picket duty on the north bank of the Chickahominy, relieving the 7th regiment P. R. V. C. Col. Harvey. During the afternoon of the next day, June 26th, the enemy in large force attacked your division in close proximity to where the right of my picket line rested. The two companies which had been left in camp were ordered out by Gen. Meade to strengthen my line. I was ordered to stand fast in my position, to keep the enemy from crossing the Chickahominy in the rear of your division, while the division engaged the enemy in front. I did so. At about 5 P. M., the enemy opened a battery from

the opposite side of the river, throwing shells at my line with a seeming knowledge of the position occupied by the reserves of my picket line, which, though kept up with much spirit till nightfall, failed to do any injury, their aim being too high. At about 6 1/2 P. M., Co. A on the right of my picket line was ordered into action (temporarily) by Lt. Foster, A. D. C. to Gen. Seymour, to connect with left flank of a portion of the 7th regiment P. R. V. C., thrown out as skirmishers, and extending to a swamp near the Chickahominy, in which position the company remained until relieved by the 9th regt. P. R. V. C. having been brought into position covering that point of the line. (which had been thrown out to prevent the enemy from turning the left of the division actively engaged in the battle.) My regiment remained on picket during the night of the 26th, and were very vigilant, but nothing of note occurred. Next morning, June 27, about 3 o'clock, A. M., I received an order from you through Capt. M'Conkey, A. D. C., to withdraw my regiment at once to the peach orchard near your headquarters to await orders. Before arriving at that position, the firing commenced on the field of battle of the day previous. I received an order from you through Lt. Beatty of your staff to proceed to the field of battle, which I did in double-quick. On arriving at the field, I had one man shot in Co. H. I proceeded on, and placed my regiment in position as a reserve. I then received an order to withdraw to Gaines' Creek, which I immediately did, coming up with the 2d Brigade about 1 1/2 miles from the battle-field. On arriving at Gaines' Mills, or battle-field of the 27th, the 2d Brigade was placed in line of battle by Gen. Meade, (my men having taken off their knapsacks.) I was then ordered into position to support a battery—Weeden's, I believe. After remaining some time in that position, I was withdrawn by Lt. Watmough, A. D. C. to Brig. Gen. Meade, and ordered to take my regiment forward and report to Brig. Gen. Martindale. On arriving near the top of the hill, Co. B (Capt. D. Porter's) of my regiment was detached by order of Brig. Gen. Meade through Capt. E. C. Baird, A. A. G. 2d Brigade, for a specific purpose, leaving me nine companies averaging about 60 men each, making about 540 men taken into action. I immediately reported to Brig. Gen. Martindale, this at 5 P. M., who ordered me to move forward and take position in rear of the 14th N. Y. regiment. I reported to Col. M'Quaid, who said he did not wish to be relieved, having been in action but a short time. I ordered my regiment to lie down in the rear of the 14th N. Y.; but soon after, Brig. Gen. Martindale, through an A. D. C., ordered my regiment forward to near the center of the line of battle, to relieve the 4th N. J. regiment. I then immediately moved forward, and reported to Col. J. H. Simpson, 4th N. J., whose regiment I then relieved—this at 6 P. M. My regiment then engaged the enemy. Shortly after, Maj. P. A. Johns and Capt. Brady, commanding left company of my regiment, observed part of the regiment on my left flank, followed by a portion of the enemy; but by a well directed oblique fire of the two left companies, the enemy were checked and did not at that time further advance. My regiment engaged the enemy for an hour and a half, holding our position against superior numbers, when the ammunition of my men becoming short, I dispatched Adj. Robt. A. M'Coyle to report the fact to Brig. Gen. Meade, and have my regiment relieved for the purpose of replenishing ammunition. He soon returned, and reported that, having been as far out in the field as he could get, he could see nothing of our forces, except the 4th N. J., in position as support to my regiment, that our line to the right and left of my regiment had been driven back, and that we were surrounded. This was quite surprising to me, as from our position in the woods and the smoke of battle, I could see but a short distance to the right or left. I then left the regiment under the command of Lt. Col. Jackson, and went out to the edge of the woods to ascertain the best method of extricating my regiment, but did not at that time see the 4th N. J. in position, as reported to me by my Adjutant. I returned and withdrew the regiment, hoping still to escape capture. We came out of the woods in good order, contending every inch of ground, and having frequently to face about and fire upon the enemy following us from the rear, which must have been signally disastrous, as they only followed to the edge of the woods. On coming into the open field, I observed the 4th N. J., which was lying down, having changed position, its right resting on the woods, and nearly parallel with the line of battle. My men were then fired upon from nearly every direction. I found two or three regiments on my left flank, an

equal number on my right, as well as rebels in front. A battery was also firing grape and canister, but from the nature of the ground did not do much injury to my men, as it shot too high. The regiment being completely surrounded, the companies separated, hoping in detail to escape capture, but failed in doing so to any considerable extent, and resulted in the following approximate statement of casualties: Lt. Kedie, commanding Co. C, killed; Capt. Lewis, Co. A, mortally wounded, since died; Capt. Speer, Co. G, and Lt. Burke, Co. A, wounded. About 46 men were killed, 105 wounded, and 300 prisoners not wounded—balance not accounted for. * * * * * I cannot close this report without mentioning in the highest terms of praise the coolness, bravery and intelligent action of the officers of my command, and the undaunted courage and bravery of the men when under fire and in action."

Capt. D. S. Porter, of Co. B, commanded what was left of the regiment in the subsequent battles. Under his gallant command, the "Little Regiment" won a name that is gratifying to its every member.

You will observe that the Colonel's report as to casualties is only approximate, it having been made out in Richmond Prison.

Yours, Truly, A. M. R.

The Evacuation of Harrison's Landing.

From the New York Tribune, 19th inst.

Harrison's Landing is evacuated. Without a struggle, without a blow, without even the loss of a single man, the immense army of the Potomac, officers and men, bag and baggage, stores, tents, horses, ammunition and contrabands are now far away from Harrison's Landing, leaving it a deserted and desolate plain. For several days this important movement has been going on. Ten days ago, when on the way from Fortress Monroe to Harrison's Landing, in the mail-boat, John A. Warner, I was convinced that the evacuation had already commenced, from the fact that steamer after steamer, and vessel after vessel passed us steaming or sailing in the direction of Fortress Monroe, laden heavily with horses and stores. All agree that the whole affair has been admirably well planned and executed. For a wonder, everybody did not know everything that was to take place before an order was given, and for a still greater wonder after an order was given no one knew the result; for if it related to the movement of a brigade or division, men and officers, Colonels, and even Generals, speculated as to the meaning of the move, such as "What does it mean?" "Where are we going?" "Is the whole army going to move?" &c., and even at this moment your reporter is asking the two former questions at Fortress Monroe, without being able to obtain more than a supposition for an answer.

I have said that this movement had been in contemplation some time, but the first intimation of it took place on Monday last, when M'Call's division received orders to strike their tents, provide six days rations, and be ready to move at a moment's notice.

At 9 o'clock at night the whole division arrived at the wharf, and embarked quietly on steamers; left the Landing some time during the night for Aquia Creek, as was supposed, via Fortress Monroe.—An order was next issued that no more vessels loaded with supplies should proceed further than Fortress Monroe; and on Wednesday ten days rations were served to the army, which was required to be in readiness to move at an hour's notice. All the knapsacks of those who were ordered to march by land were placed on board barges and schooners, for the humane purpose of relieving the men of their weight and incumbrance during the hot and weary march. On the same day Gen. M'Call and Col. Ingalls left Harrison's Landing for the nearest telegraph station, and communicated with the War Department as to future movements, retreating the following day.

On Thursday the army commenced evacuating in earnest. All the sieges were removed from the front, and safely embarked on Thursday and yesterday on board barges and schooners. Porter's Corps led the van of the overland portion of the army on Thursday night. On Friday morning every tent was struck, and then, for the first time, was it generally known that the whole army was about evacuating Harrison's Landing. On Thursday night fifty sail of vessels left the different wharves loaded with stores, and yesterday the remainder of the stores were placed on boats and steamers by the contrabands. All the cavalry that remained before the final departure of the land forces acted as pickets, and a strong rear guard of infantry and artillery was placed

to protect the baggage trains. The sick and wounded who remained at the different hospitals were placed on board the regular steamboats belonging to the Sanitary Commission at the Long Wharf, and were among the first to move out into the stream. Contrabands were shipped on schooners, barges, and ponton boats, and it was an amusing sight to see the long line of boats with their ebon freight pass the different steamers and wharves to take their places among the others anchored in the stream, or hear the questions, answers, and jokes which passed between the two parties, amid the "ha! ha's" of the white men and the "ya! ya's" of the black.

At 7 o'clock last night, I went on shore for the last time from the mail dock. On the pier and the bank above, but a few barrels and boxes remained to be shipped, and, with the exception of the Provost's guard, this was all that remained on shore of the Army of the Potomac. Far as the eye could reach nothing could be seen but a mighty plain of desolation and ruin.—The ground was strewn the whole distance with mere rubbish—for here, there and everywhere large fires burned, and anything that could assist the Rebels ever so slightly, was fast becoming a heap of charred and blackened ruins, or lay useless by destruction upon the ground. Old tents and bags either fed the flames or lay about torn into shreds; boxes and barrels were broken; in fact, nothing remained that could be of use to the enemy, except thousands of cool and shady bowers, built by our soldiers from limbs and boughs of trees, in lieu of tents, which were kindly left standing to woo the Rebels on their onward march to Washington, and rest their weary limbs and cool their fiery spirits down.

All being now safely embarked on board the different vessels, Col. Butler, commanding of the depot guard, called in his sentinels, who were on duty at the different wharves, and embarked his regiment on board the North America.

The last steamer had pulled out in the stream. This occurred about 9 o'clock. The moon was about half full, shedding sufficient light to clearly distinguish surrounding objects. Up and down the river far as the eye could reach, the fleet lay quietly at anchor; the many colored signal lights, bright and flickering, looked like fairy stars of various hues, flashing along the whole line. A light breeze was blowing up the river, rippling the water noiselessly, each ripple moving as with fiery life, from the reflection of the fires on the banks. A sound of many voices singing a hymn, in the direction of the negro barges, came floating musically over the water, to the tune of "We're bound for the happy land of Canaan." All else was still as death, and as I sat upon the deck of the steamer looking at the enchanting scene, I thought of "peace and good will to men" rather than of war and war expeditions.

We did not leave until near 7 o'clock a. m., when all being in readiness at the change of the tide, the whole fleet moved slowly down the river. Nothing occurred of any particular consequence during the voyage. We met a few steamers and vessels bound up in the direction of Harrison's Landing. I thought that they were going there with a little purpose as the mail boat, John A. Warner, which arrived at the Landing about 6 o'clock p. m., the night previous, with nearly two hundred soldiers and civilians. On her arrival Captain Sawtelle ordered her into the middle of the stream, and she returned to-day with the rest of the fleet and her two hundred passengers.

"TAKE UP THY BED AND WALK!"—Recently, a man dressed as a mechanic went to a house in Brighton, walked up stairs, took a bed from a bedstead, made it up into a bundle, and brought it down into the passage. At that instant he heard somebody coming. Thereupon, with admirable coolness, he gave two or three distinct raps on the wainscoting, and when, in due time, one of the inmates made her appearance, he said: "I've brought this bed."

"Bed," replied the woman, "what bed? You must have made a mistake."
"I think not," said the man; "this is No. 15, isn't it?"
"Yes, this is 15."
"Then, this is the number master told me to bring it to."
"Well," said the woman, "it's wrong, at any rate—we don't want it. Take it away."
"Well, if you say so, I guess I had better do it!" and with that he took up the bed and walked off. Some time elapsed before it was discovered how completely the bed owners had been "done."

The Field-Marshal's Baton that Breckinridge didn't exactly clutch—Baton Rouge.

Wm. H. Seward to F. W. Hughes
—Good Advice.

The following is a response of the Secretary of State, Mr. Seward, to a letter from F. W. Hughes, Chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee, of Pennsylvania, which explains itself:

Department of State, Washington, August 10.—To F. W. Hughes, Headquarters of the Democratic State Central Committee of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia.—Dear Sir: I have had the honor of receiving your letter of the 14th inst., together with the three papers to which it refers, two of them being appeals written by yourself, and addressed by the Democratic State Central Committee to the Democrats and all other friends of the Constitution, of Pennsylvania, and the other being a call for a mass meeting of the citizens of Philadelphia, the objects of which meeting will be to express a firmer purpose to stand by the maintenance of the national Constitution, with devotion to the American Union; and further to declare hostility to the policy and measures of all who seek to prostitute the country to the purposes of abolitionism, and formally to express the intention of the Democratic party to do, as it has hitherto done, namely: to support the Federal Government in the exercise of its constitutional power, and to defend it, at whatever peril, against the insidious and treasonable teachings of abolitionists. You tell me that some influential journals, conducted by political friends of mine, censure one of these papers as treasonable, and that the others are conceived in the same spirit as the one which is so harshly judged. You desire me to read them and weigh them for myself. You further intimate a hope that the perusal of the papers will have the effect of producing exertions on my part to induce the President to favor a policy to put down the demon of abolitionism.

I have read the documents thus submitted to me, with high respect for the authority by which they were issued, and with a full confidence in the sincerity of their devotion to the Union, which, as their author, you have avowed. You will allow me to say that this nation is now engaged not in a political canvass between opposing parties about questions of civil administration, but in civil war, carried on by opposing armies, on an issue of national life or death. If the revolution prevails there will be no question of administration left to settle. If it fall there will be time enough to settle all such questions. I am not to dictate a course for others to pursue in this crisis, but I must say for myself that neither as a public officer nor as a citizen can I know with favor or disfavor, parties among the supporters of the United States, any more than I can make a distinction between factions which unite in aiding the rebellion. A nation, like an individual, can do only one thing effectually at one time. It cannot wisely turn aside from the chase of the fearful demon of Disunion to pursue any inferior demon whether imaginary or real. I think that the wrangles which occurred among the Crusaders about their respective creeds, when they sat down to the siege of Jerusalem, were just as rational and just as wise as disputes about abolition would be now in the army of the Potomac in front of Richmond. What is unwise in the camp at such a moment, cannot be wise in the cabinet or in the assemblies of the people. I am occupied here either in mediating between different parties and jealous sects, or else in watching and counteracting the intrigues of traitors in Europe; but I sometimes think that if instead of being charged with these duties, I were at liberty, as you seem to be, to serve the country in my own way, I could make an appeal to Democrats and Republicans, abolitionists and slaveholders, on behalf of our distracted country, that would bring the whole country at once under arms, and send treason reeling back into the den of darkness from whence it sprang. I do not know how this would be, but I do know that if I were in your place I should try.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

A young lady in one of our "rural districts" was once escorted home from an evening party by a young man to whom she was not particularly partial. On taking his leave, he remarked "I guess I'll come and see you again next Sunday night." "Well, Bill Smith," replied the lady, "you can come as a friend, but not as a 'feller'!" Bill couldn't see in that light, and didn't go back.

A subject for dissection: the surgeon who uses Red Tape as a substitute for the tourniquet, when a wounded soldier is brought in.

CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.

Presbyterian—Rev. D. HARRISON, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 3 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock.
Methodist Episcopal Church—Rev. S. T. Snow, Preacher in charge. Rev. W. Loxe, Assistant. Preaching every Sabbath, alternately at 10 o'clock in the morning, or 7 in the evening. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening, at 7 o'clock.
Welch Independent—Rev. L. R. POWELL, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, P. M. Prayer meeting on the first Monday evening of each month; and on every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evening, excepting the first week in each month.
Galesburg Methodist—Rev. JOHN WILLIAMS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 2 and 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock. Society every Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock.
Disciples—Rev. W. LLOYD, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock.
Particular Baptists—Rev. DAVID JENKINS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 3 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, P. M.
Catholic—Rev. M. J. MITCHELL, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock and Vespers at 4 o'clock in the evening.

EBENSBURG MAILS.

MAILS ARRIVE.
Eastern, daily, at 10 o'clock, A. M.
Western, " at 9 o'clock, P. M.
MAILS CLOSE.
Eastern, daily, at 4 o'clock, P. M.
Western, " at 8 o'clock, P. M.
The mails from Butler, Indiana, Strongs-town, &c., arrive on Thursday of each week, at 5 o'clock, P. M.
Leave Ebensburg on Friday of each week, at 8 A. M.
The mails from Newman's Mills, Carrolltown, &c., arrive on Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week, at 3 o'clock, P. M.
Leave Ebensburg on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 7 o'clock, A. M.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

CRESSON STATION.
West—Express Train leaves at 8:51 A. M.
Fast Line " 8:56 P. M.
Mail Train " 7:35 P. M.
East—Express Train " 7:42 P. M.
Fast Line " 12:17 P. M.
Mail Train " 6:50 A. M.
WILMORE STATION.
West—Express Train leaves at 9:13 A. M.
Fast Line " 9:18 P. M.
Mail Train " 8:09 P. M.
East—Express Train " 7:20 P. M.
Fast Line " 11:55 P. M.
Mail Train " 6:23 A. M.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

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Prothonotary—Joseph M. Donald.
Register and Recorder—Edward F. Lytle.
Scribbler—John Buck.
District Attorney—Philip S. Noon.
County Commissioners—D. T. Storm, James Cooper, Peter J. Little.
Treasurer—Thomas Callin.
Poor House Directors—Jacob Horner, William Douglass, George Delany.
Poor House Treasurer—George C. K. Zabm.
Poor House Steward—James J. Kaylor.
Mercantile Appraiser—John Farrell.
Auctitors—John F. Stull, Thomas J. Nelson, Edward R. Donnegan.
County Surveyor—E. A. Vickroy.
Coroner—James S. Todd.
Supt. of Common Schools—Wm. A. Scott.

EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

Justices of the Peace—David H. Roberts Harrison Kinkead.
Burgess—George Huntley.
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Constable—Thomas Todd.
Town Council—Wm. Davis, Daniel J. Davis, E. J. Waters, John Thompson, Jr., David W. Jones.
WEST WARD.
Inspectors—John W. Roberts, L. Rodgers.
Judge of Election—Thomas J. Davis.
Assessor—Thomas P. Davis.
WEST WARD.
Constable—M. M. O'Neil.
Town Council—William Kittell, H. Kinkead, R. L. Johnston, Edward D. Evans, Thomas J. Williams.
Inspectors—J. D. Thomas, Robert Evans.
Judge of Election—John Lloye.
Assessor—Richard T. Davis.